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Quid Novi

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THE VALENTINES DAY ISSUE



Robert H. H. 2002

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Editor's Note

Dear Everyone,

There are great things in the Quid this week.

Apparently, you all love each other. That's great.

Nadia's article last week inspired what was undoubtedly a cathartic revelation of the fetish that had theretofore remained latent within a young man named David. That's great too.

I wrote to all the pissing squatters in our faculty. If someone listens, that will be great.

Pablo has written to us about the demise of the society of the great Bob (who is, apparently, a blob).

And I hope you have a great Valentine's Day.

Marta.

P.S. To the person who committed a random act of violence upon my locker: my beloved locker contained my Lysol and my paper towels. Now that you have kicked it in, the door will not open, and I am unable to retrieve these items. I am lost without them. Please drop off a replacement Lysol and paper towel set at the LSA; if you do so, all will be forgiven.



Valentine's Day Messages

OUT OF ORDER

O— h mon dieu,
U— ne rondelle vers moi!!
T— asse-toi ma grosse,

O— ut of Order va compter
F— aut bien que ça arrive

O— n fait la loi
R— ien pour nous arrêter
D— u talent ???
E— n attendant, on s'amuse !
R— ien que de nous voir,
vous vous amusez aussi !

Mon Valentin à mes
coéquipières,
à nos coachs,
à nos fans !

#13

To: Overruled Hockey Team
From: Wayne Amos

Boys and girls, its time for us
to start playing like we aren't
wearing any
jocks and stick it to whichever
bastards we play in the playoffs. no
remorse,
no regret, more beer. elan, do ya
wanna bet on another olympic
hockey result?
happy bleedin' valentines day.

Reader,
We never do get around to reading,
do we? Thanks for being so special &
for caring. Happy St. Val & kisses.
Your semi-secret admirer,
Other Reader

My web cam,
My flatlander,
My friend,
I love you,
Though you remain invisible,
So close, so often,
Seeing yet never seen.

Batto

To: Viviana
From: Will

Viviana, que bueno que yo te
encontre aqui at McGill. Me gusto
mucho tu
compacto de los Andes....feliz
valentines! vamos a La Carreta un
dia para
comer, por favor! ciao. :]



Dearest Aisha,

I know you probably thought I
wouldn't do this. This means you
don't get chocolate.

ADL

To: Jeff "spokesperson" Roberts,
Rogaine Morris, Reynolds
"smoothtalkin'
logger bastard" Mastin
From: the man

Boys, i'm glad we meet up for our
ELM love sessions on thursdays.
But one of
these days we are going to have to
get radical, burn our bras, hug some
trees,
and score some.... what the heck am i

talkin' about. Hey, this is just to
invite you over to my house for the
first Olympic hockey game tomorrow
night
(friday). Happy valentines day

Marvin, Edith, and ME,
I could live with you forever!
Yours,
The Iron Chef

A la grande dame qui fait de
ma vie un poeme
Sans fin, sans commence-
ment,
A un tourbillon qui a
bouleverse mon existence,
Dodo, je t'aime.

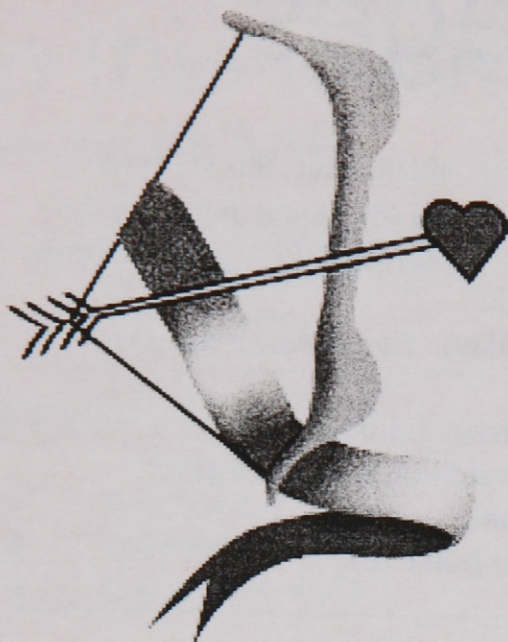
Ton zebre

mv thv maow mv maow
atday.
mehomves mv has
athamvmvy n wofntic atday
n mains atwofntic n
vtwactiate bma acause mv
atmvuwy n vtwactiate n atunmalv lil
maefle maalcon n mv gonna twy n
maind mv mvvent wowk v atsfwt n lil
maiwm in F stve so mv don't hamata
be atmvoor eaten tho acouwse mv
ain't in thv stve.
mvmmv n mv consewates mv.
mv

Hey Scott,
Thanks for finishing in 3 years!
Signed,
The Faculty

Si mon énergie était celle
d'un de ces moulins à vent
je bondirais sur un nuage
je te lancerais une bouée de sauvetage
tu pourrais grimper jusqu'à moi
jusqu'à nous qui nous fait attendre

Je voudrais que nous parcourrions les



On imagine bien tous les petits mots d'amour que les Valentins et Valentines peuvent s'échanger au 14 février : des « je t'aime » dans toutes les langues, dans toutes les teintes de pétales, sous toutes les formes de bisous, dans tous les yeux... Voici juste pour vous, chers lecteurs amateurs de mots à sensation forte, les échanges galants et poétiques entre deux amants. Banal vous me dites? Je vous réponds que l'amour est le sentiment le plus inexplicable qu'il soit et qu'il ne se comprend donc pas toujours. Mais, mettez vos talents de grands lecteurs à l'épreuve et vous pourrez lire entre les lignes...

Correspondance entre George Sand et Alfred de Musset

Je suis heureuse de vous dire que j'ai Bien compris l'autre jour que vous aviez

Toujours une envie folle de me faire Danser. Je conserve le souvenir de votre

Baiser. Si vous désirez me voir Vous dévoiler sans artifices mon âme Toute nue, venez chez moi et vous verrez mon

Affection, toute désintéressée et sans cal-

Cul, je vous prouverai que je suis la femme

Qu'il vous faut et je vous montrerai l'affection

La plus étroite et également la plus profonde.

Je vous montrerai que je suis la plus sincère femme

Que vous n'avez jamais vue. Oh!

Comme votre

Amour me sera doux car la solitude qui m'ha-

Bite est longue et sûrement bien

Pénible. Mon âme est entièrement é-Branlée. Venez vite me la

Faire oublier, et à vous je compte me Mettre entièrement.

George Sand

Quand je mets à vos pieds un éternel hommage,

Voulez-vous qu'un instant je change de visage?

Vous avez capturé les sentiments d'un cœur

Que pour vous adorer forma le Créateur.

Je vous chéris, amour, et ma plume en délire
Couche sur ce papier ce que je n'ose dire.

Avec soin, de mes vers lisez les premiers mots,
Vous saurez quel remède apporter à mes maux.

Alfred de Musset

AMSK, D "CFM" D, BLA, and the Polack,

I can't begin to imagine these past 4 years without you!

Thank you and I love you!

Always,

Elg

Dearest Fatima. Thanks so much for your patient ear, your boundless empathy and sage insight during what was easily, for me, 4 months of summer hell. I would have surely gone mad.

Watch out for pigeons.

Happy Valentine's Day

H

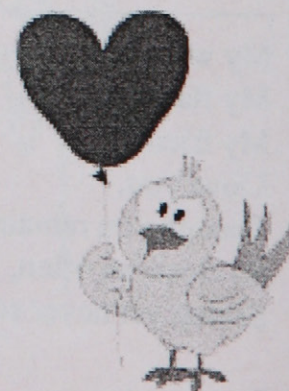
Little C

I never voted for you, but I like you nonetheless.

A toi

Valentine Chocolatine

Je ne sais pas comment te le dire. Je ne sais d'ailleurs pas non plus comment te l'écrire. Ce message finira peut-être comme tous les autres au fond de ma ma corbeille. D'autres messages que j'ai voulu t'adresser, mais en vain. Tous ces autres messages que j'ai écrits avec



courants d'air
dans tes bras et dans les tourbillons
avec l'énergie
éolienne herculéenne dyonysienne
comme une poussière saoule d'amour

je te rejoindrais
je te collerais à la peau

- la bleue chantale

Dear second and third year students,
Please write us a letter saying how much you love us and why we should love you too.

The Montreal firms

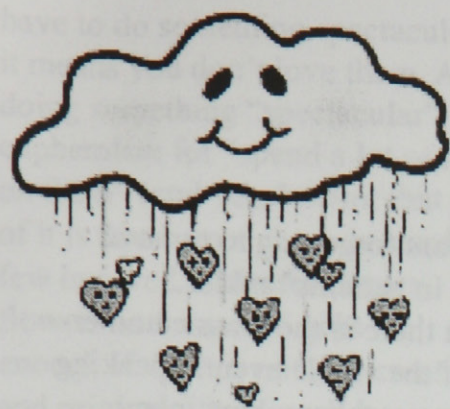
DL,

If I like you does that make me a man-whore?

Signed,
Your Valentine?

#2, Cat, J***y, Le Gros, Marta
Juarta, MFS, Seb, & Teej,
Thank you for the best year ever! You guys are the greatest. I wish I could buy you all nice blue coats!
Budha

Prof. Rod,
Thanks for being the best prof - in and out of the classroom! I will miss your puppet shows!
Signed,
The Chocolate Bunny



amour et désespoir ne vaudront jamais celui-là, écrit avec un zeste de bonheur. Un simple geste de ta part m'a redonné espoir en notre amour. Je serai peut-être déçue, mais une seule minute de passion vaut la peine d'être vécue, même si elle doit être suivie d'une vie de tristesse.

Il n'y a que toi qui illumine ma journée. Je pense à toi uniquement et à rien d'autre. Mais toi, à quoi penses-tu en ce moment? Tu ne me le dis pas et je n'ai que ton silence pour deviner. Je me souviens de ta main me caressant, de baisers volés sur le vif, tes chuchotements à mon oreille, de nos discussions, nos promenades, ces moments où l'on s'ouvraient l'un à l'autre, seuls parmi tous, tout ce que je n'ai pas et que je voudrai partager avec toi.

Je franchis un premier pas en t'adressant ce message, mais te reconnaitras-tu à travers ceci? J'en doute et au fond je l'espère. J'ai eu le courage de t'écrire indirectement et j'aurai peut-être bientôt le courage de t'avouer mes sentiments. Bientôt peut-être. Je ne tiens plus. A chaque instant mon coeur veut crier au monde entier que je t'aime, toi et aucun autre, mais ma raison, cette innocente et timide raison me retient... Malheureusement. Ce message peut être adressé à tant de personnes mais moi je sais qu'il n'est que pour toi, toi qui ne me lira même pas, toi qui es parti il y a longtemps et que je ne reverrai que là-haut, toi que j'aime.

Sala D.K. That day when I saw you sitting there, between your place and mine, with your stubble, sunglasses and

'fanny pack', made my life into something that would never be the same...~Ek ladka ko dekha tho esa laga!...Samosas and feta go together well after all! Love R.P.

Jo-Ali, I should always listen to Viviana's article, always. You too, though maybe you should take mine one last time and refuse to take anyone's! Follow your heart, take your time (if you can find it, *is that your watch??*) and have faith. If I could just get those damn snails out, I would be happy. Happy Valentines Day!
Your-partner-in-crime

To the small, dark "edgy" girl who looks good in red, white and black. Here's to surviving through the aries of this world, and keeping faith that the next lucky bastard around the bend will have that uncanny balance between good and evil. For being passionate, intense, beautiful, just a little perverse and above all love and kind, will you be my Valentine?

-life-long admirer

You're not as beautiful as Marilyn in "The Seven Year itch" but T.J., man, you'll always be my bitch!

H.

ANONYMOUS:

Interest, spawned out of mystery and unanswerable questions

Questions, rare in both their nature and in their intensity

A confession- unexpected perhaps, impossible timing yet no time better

A moment, borne of an impertinent thought, brought you the key

Each of these elements, so abstract yet so easily understood, have

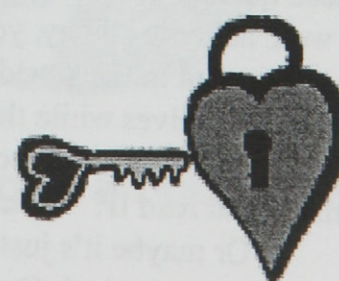
contributed to this wonderful journey. Where it will end, when it will end, we do not know... Somehow these elements have fused black and white, fire and water. Each and every kiss has become a memory unto itself. Logic has no place here, it fails us, yet no matter; the sensation experienced when our lips meet, the sensation experienced when our skin touches is enough to support a thousand dreams...

Thinking of you on this Valentine's Day ma belle...

Martin-Robert, Still not sure I can tough it out till next month, but hell, I may get a dinner yet. You pick a good enough place and I may not even complain about the wait. ;) No ripped jeans allowed. Here's to another day that makes me want to sing to you. Happy Valentine's Day, Your-not-so-secret admirer.

L- You're not a "pillar", I know, but definitely my North Star. Thanks for keeping me on the right path this year. Here's to a summer full of canoes, sleeping outdoors, mosquitoes, Frisbee-jammed fingers, getting into a car and driving, ("get off my foot!!" "f%ck you!") outdoor fires, beers, sun and maybe a wee bit of paid work. To living life *today*. Happy Valentines Day!
-N

J-Lo Sepinwall – Roses are red, violets are blue, sugar is sweet, why the hell do all the cuties leave the country!? You're such a superstar, you strut those stilettos sweeties, and make them all want to come back. Happy Valentine's Day!



Why I hate Valentine's Day

By Stephen Panunto, Law II

Yeah, I know, I'm not the first person to express my distaste for the upcoming travesty this Thursday. And I am sure I am not alone in my sentiments. But, I figure if Adam can take up two issues with his whining, I can take up one for mine. (I still loved the articles though, Adam. Nothing like hearing from someone with more bitterness than myself.)

So where does my hostility for this contrived, hollow 'holiday' arise?

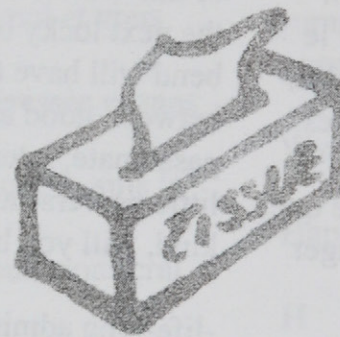
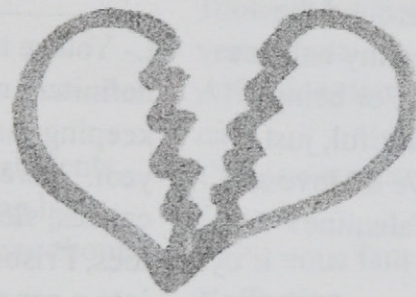
First is that this day misrepresents itself.

I think the term 'holiday' should be used exclusively for days when we actually get a holiday, meaning a day off. I'd be the first to agree with any excuse to get a day off. If the Quebec government decided to add a public holiday in February called "Jacques Parizeau

Day", I'd be lined up on the parade route if it meant I didn't have to go to school or got time-and-a-half at work. But no, I have to trudge to school to see cheery-eyed girlfriends get flowers delivered to my classroom. Excuse me, I was trying to understand why the civil law tradition has historically recognized the concept of unjust enrichment. If you're going to publicly display your magical relationship, I'm going to need quicker access to a toilet. See, if I were at home all day, you couples could go out in the world and have it all to yourselves while the rest of us Valentine's Day haters could stay inside and read IP.

Or maybe it's just that it all doesn't seem logical. On Christmas

we give each other gifts ostensibly, at least, because those generous wise men gave gifts to a child they believed to be a saviour. However, there is no such connection with St Valentine. The day named after a Catholic archbishop martyred for propagating Christianity is now about public displays of affection, hearts and flowers and chocolate. I don't think St Valentine considered public crucifixion to be a public display of affection. I'm almost certain no one sent him flowers or chocolate. Maybe he did see a heart – but only his own.



Maybe it's because of V-day's connection with so many of the evils in the world. For example, the threat to the natural world. Every year literally hundreds of thousands of roses are ripped from their birthplaces, simply so a few guys can get some action. Hey, maybe the LSA's environmental concerns should turn to protesting against the killing of thousands of innocent roses instead of a few dozen plastic mugs. What did all those poor innocent rose bushes do to anyone, anyway? Another example is the health care system. All that V-day chocolate is resulting in higher than ever rates of diabetes, and therefore stretching out valuable hospital resources, resulting in long waits for x-ray results and

tired doctors forgetting to remove steel pins in patients' ankles.

Of course there is the crass commercialism of the whole event. Speaking of environmentalism, how many rainforests gave their lives for all the pink and blood-red greeting cards exchanged on this day? But I'm in law school, so who am I to talk about selling out? I applied to Toronto like everyone else.

Of course, you're saying that the real reason I don't like this day is because I have no one to share it with. Well, you should know I'm not

good at sharing no matter what day it is. I have nothing against all you couples out there in lovey-dovey land, just as long as I don't have to go there with you (i.e. if you're gonna do it, get a room). For your information, I've disliked this day even when I did have a girlfriend (yes, it has happened – just like I have seen Hailey's

comet in my lifetime). Maybe that's because I've never had the chance to share it with that really special someone, you say? No matter the quality of the relationship with the girlfriend-du-jour (because, you know I'm a love machine), be she a good one, a bad one, or a weird one, it has made no difference. Okay, you retort, maybe I'm too old to appreciate being madly in love? Hey, even when I was young, "Mary" from high school wasn't enough for me to put aside my inner hatred for this day. Perhaps it's just the opposite. Perhaps I'm jealous of some of my friends, the ones whose juggling skills could get them a spot in the Cirque de Soleil? Maybe, but think about all the effort that's required when you do have a girlfriend on this day. You but

have to do something spectacular, or it means you don't love them. And doing something "spectacular" is a euphemism for "spend a lot of money on them" (and yes, I admit that part of it is that I am a cheap bastard). A few hundred bucks for dinner, flowers and assorted gifts isn't even enough if there is nothing creative and original. Planning a date on Valentine's Day is like trying to establish copyright protection: there has to be that "creative spark" or you're toast – and you lose your girlfriend to that guy who stole his romantic ideas from an episode of *Oprah*. What person can live up to the expectations of V-day? I read once that the divorce rate spikes after

February 14, simply because people vest their relationship in the outcome of a single day. "No pressure honey – it's just that our entire relationship (and by extension, the immediate future of your sex life) rides on every decision you make the entire day. But relax and enjoy it"

So the next accusation is I'm not romantic. Well, I'm sure you could find at least one ex-girlfriend who would support that claim. Well, there is no point defending myself on that front – I have no way to prove or disprove that (unless you count the way I look into Dennis's eyes after a few too many at Coffee Haus). Maybe I have gone so long relationshipless that I am mistaken,

but isn't showing your significant other that you care for them more than a once-a-year phenomenon? Shouldn't you express your undying love for them (or whatever feeling you feel like expressing) the whole year, not just on a cold day in mid-February?

Whatever the reason, let's just say I haven't the heart for Valentine's day (but oh, how I adore clever puns). So if you do see me at Coffee Haus on Thursday, don't make out in front of me (for that matter, please don't make out at Coffee Haus ever – you know who you are!). Maybe I'll go get some ideas from *Oprah*. Or I'll just have another drink...and look for Dennis.

Holiday Antics

by David A. Johnston, Nat IV

I was titillated by Ms. Fiorita's suggestion about cleaving the way to introduce new holidays, particularly "Big-Boobs-Week". I have already bought a saucy pair of dark glasses. Alas, my wife does not share my unbridled enthusiasm. We already celebrate July 14 – it is France's national day. Perhaps the two can be celebrated concurrently with the slogan *liberté, fraternité et énormité*. I can anticipate the "mammoth strikes" during a recreation of the storming of the *Bastille*.

PS: I suggest using nipplewort as the official festival emblem – it is yellow, a summer colour and common. Keep us readers abreast of any new developments.

ACTUS REUS PRESENTS "THE ASSEMBLY OF WOMEN"

???Drama in the Faculty???

The faculty has a new drama troupe, Actus Reus. On February 14th at 7:30 in the Moot Court it will be presenting "The Assembly of Women" by Aristophanes.

Written 2000 years ago the material is still able to stimulate!

Realizing that the play is racy and that it is being presented after Coffee House the troupe expects and encourages a boisterous audience.

There is limited seating and it is a one night presentation. Don't miss it!



Damned Squatters

by Marta Juzwiak, Law III

OK, I have a REAL bone to pick, a real complaint. Squatters. They're everywhere. And I don't mean the type that can acquire proprietary rights if they do their thing long enough. I mean the *other* kinds of squatters – the toilet variety. Boys: if you'd like to pretend girls don't piss, stop reading.

Yes, I'm talking about you, you squatting pissers. If people like you would just stop squatting, there would be no need to squat. And those of us who can't seem to bring ourselves to hover with our knees bent just-so over what would *should* be a pristine toilet seat wouldn't find ourselves suffering from wet asses a couple of times a year.

Picture it: you have just drunk two diet cokes (yum). Your bladder is bursting with pressure. You run to the ladies' room, but the throne is covered with a suspicious puddle. Do you squat and add to the piss puddle? Do you wipe off the toilet and make an improvised toilet seat cover out of two carefully ripped and measured toilet strips? Or do you forget to check the seat for spillage, plop your bum down, and groan inwardly as you realize you've just moistened your delicate, pristine bottom with somebody else's bodily fluids? I don't know. I have done all three of these, and none is particularly satisfying.

So I make this plea to you now: please, I BEG of you, if you must squat, wipe the seat afterwards.

What us toilet sitters don't know won't hurt us.

Alternatively, I would suggest that we replace our toilets with holes in the ground. My critics might respond to this second alternative with a cutting observation: "But then you'd be squatting, Marta." Yes, I would, but it would be a much more dignified, low-to-the ground, and stable position. I am short. Squatting over a toilet seat is extremely difficult. Squatting over a hole would be much better.

Aimé les pouces verts au cœur rouge

par Elisa Norena

Aimé est jardinier. Alors que tous les autres autour de lui se promènent en costume, serviette de cuir à la main, l'air très sérieux, Aimé enfle tous les matins sa salopette dont il remplit les poches des différents outils dont il a besoin pour son travail et part, sa brouette en tête, lui poussant derrière. Aimé ne sait même plus depuis combien de temps il est jardinier. Il l'a probablement toujours été sans s'en rendre compte. Parce qu'il aime mettre à jour la beauté qui se cache dans tout ce qui l'entoure. Parce qu'il aime s'occuper des autres et les envelopper de tout le soleil qu'il peut leur donner. Et

pourtant, tous ces gens autour de lui se pressent comme des petites fourmis et ne se sont jamais réellement arrêtés pour voir qui était ce petit personnage effacé qui, par son travail, ses petites attentions, portait jusqu'à eux quelques rayons de soleil. Aimé s'attriste de voir cela, mais aujourd'hui, il a découvert la beauté de la Nature et se dit qu'elle, au moins, apprécie son travail.

Aimé aime de tout son cœur son petit jardin. Il y a planté 3 sortes de fleurs différentes : des jonquilles, ses petits soleils à lui, des tulipes rouges et une rose. Cette rose est ce qui tient le plus au cœur d'Aimé : il l'a ramassée un jour de pluie dans une flaque d'eau, flétrie et triste. Il l'a

prise dans ses mains, l'a consolée, lui a promis de toujours s'occuper d'elle et qu'elle redeviendrait la plus belle rose que personne n'ait jamais vue. Alors, tous les matins, Aimé se lève dès que les premiers rayons du soleil percent les rideaux pour venir chatouiller sa joue, sa première pensée étant pour sa rose bien-aimée. La salopette enfilée à toute vitesse, le déjeuner à peine englouti, notre jardinier court droit vers son petit jardin, se faufile sous la tonarelle couverte de vigne vierge et s'agenouille devant sa rose :
- Bonjour ma petite rose, j'espère que tu n'as pas eu froid cette nuit. J'ai rêvé tu sais, et devines à qui j'ai rêvé ? Oh, mais pourquoi pleures-tu

ma belle?

Mais la belle fleur couverte de rosée fraîche ne semble même pas avoir remarqué sa présence et se tourne vers le soleil, lui ouvrant ses pétales en un large sourire. Pauvre Aimé. Il ne comprend pas pourquoi

lentement et noie sa peine dans la sueur de l'ardeur avec laquelle il cultive son jardin. Parfois, il jette des regards furtifs en direction de sa bien-aimée mais il sait qu'elle ne le voit pas, elle passe ses journées le regard tourné vers le ciel bleu. Mais,

qu'a-t-il fait de mal ?
N'apprécie-t-elle pas tout l'amour qu'il lui a donné, le tendresse de ses

répondra, elle se tournera vers lui ? Aimé tend la main pour la caresser mais la retire d'un coup brusque : son doigt s'est enfoncé dans une ronce. Voilà ce qu'il reçoit en échange de lui avoir ouvert son cœur. Aimé pleure doucement, presque en silence. Le cœur gros, il lui souffle affectueusement :

- Ma tendre et adorable Rose, tu aimes le ciel. Quand tu le regardes le soir, tu sauras combien je t'aime et que je t'embrasse : chaque étoile que tu vois est un baiser que je t'ai soufflé. Et tu sais, des étoiles, ça vit des années lumières... La plus scintillante de toutes, c'est toi ma belle, toi qui pétillie dans mon cœur.

Mais Aimé n'oublie qu'une seule chose: la nuit, les roses se blottissent sous leurs pétales fermés et sombrent dans un sommeil profond qui les emmène loin, loin, et dont elles ne reviennent que par la chaleur du soleil, le vrai, celui qui sait réchauffer leur cœur.

Et tous les matins, plutôt que de partager la joie d'Aimé, elle lui tourne le dos et réchauffe au soleil les gouttes qui perlent sur ses pétales.

sa chère rose ne lui répond pas et ne lui raconte pas ce qui la trouble, ce qui ne va pas. Il ne comprend pas ses pleurs. Il a pourtant tout fait pour la rendre heureuse, il s'occupe d'elle, la couve même, la berce, lui chante des petites chansons, lui raconte toutes ses pensées... Et tous les matins, plutôt que de partager la joie d'Aimé, elle lui tourne le dos et réchauffe au soleil les gouttes qui perlent sur ses pétales.

Chagriné, et de peur de blesser sa tendre amie, Aimé se relève

soins, ses attentions particulières ? Elle a pourtant maintenant un riche teint rouge velouté, de larges et beaux pétales, un doux parfum de framboise, tout ce que Aimé a su lui donner qui la rend aujourd'hui si belle et spéciale...

La nuit couvre lentement de son voile léger le ciel. Aimé s'agenouille à nouveau devant sa rose et la regarde tristement. Baissant les yeux, il lui parle à mi-voix. Peut-être que s'il lui dit combien il l'aime, elle lui

THE ABORIGINAL LAW ASSOCIATION OF MCGILL PRESENTS:

Kahnawake Grand Chief Joseph Tokwiro Norton
winner of a 2001 National Aboriginal Achievement Award

Grand Chief Norton will discuss the changing political atmosphere during the past 20 years with a focus on current events and Kahnawake's move toward traditional government and its push for recognized sovereignty.

If you're interested in where aboriginal rights are going, this is a talk you can't afford to miss!

Wednesday, February 20th, 2002 at 12:30 pm in the Moot Court.

Pino and Matteo's Done Proud Again

by Stephen Panunto, Law II

Chico Resch rolled to their third consecutive victory last Sunday afternoon, continuing their post-Christmas

unbeaten streak alive as they tune up for the playoffs (you'd know we won our last game if that other article in this week's Quid appears in last week's Quid like it was supposed to, Gregoire). In any event, this time the lawyers sent the dentists running for the anaesthetic, as we pummelled them 8-3. Within the first two minutes we were filling the net like a bad cavity, taking a quick two-nothing lead that only grew more painful for the dentists.

The Vegan line wasn't quite as dominant this game as the others, as only **Dave** got the nod as the **third star** thanks to his two goal performance. I guess Dinesh and Cam have to hit the salad bar at *Pino and Matteo's* a little harder. **Brandon** earned the **second star** for his goal and three assists. **Antoine** earned an

honourable mention – no star only because Mr. Humble was himself selecting the stars.

I will take credit for **John's First Star** selection, as obviously my ploy to fire him up by overlooking him in my last Quid article did the trick, as he paced the attack with two goals and two assists. Both goals were the result of crashing the net like a man possessed – or perhaps with something to prove? Of course, he also got me back by making a sweet pass directly onto the stick of an opponent – who happened to be standing right in the slot at the time. Boom – beaten like a rented mule, and again I lose a shutout bid midway through the last period.

Again, though, this game belonged to the defencemen. Greg R. was a force in the slot once again – a one-man wrecking crew to anyone with the audacity to stand in front of the net. As usual, Adam was the man (and our leading scorer), controlling the play a la Doug Harvey, calmly making the

outlet passes and unleashing booming shots from the point. Finally, Jason... actually, I'm not sure if he was playing defence. I saw him skating backwards a few times, but I also remember him in the corners of the offensive zone more than a couple of times. Nonetheless, the shots were held to a minimum once again – and only a concerted effort on my part to allow them to score three times on less than ten shots kept us from a shutout (although John's perfect pass helped, too).

The play of the forwards speaks for itself. Constant pressure yielded eight goals and at least a couple of posts. And Sandy even managed to stay out of the box – and if he can keep that up, he'll be the leading scorer by the end of the season, as his six goals and 9 assists was accomplished with a team-leading 23 penalty minutes and a two-game suspension!!!

The last chance to see Chico Resch during the regular season is this Tuesday, February 19th at 6:30 pm. After break it's off to the playoffs – where I have been informed our final destination will not be the Molson Centre. That's okay, it's been so long since the Keg hosted a playoff game that playing the finals there would see out of place anyway.

Chico Resch Plays A-League Hockey Thanks to Pino & Matteo

by Grégoire C.N. Webber, Law III

Although a B-league team playing C-league, Law's very own Chico Resch demonstrated its ability to play A-league hockey last Friday, January 25 at 7:45 p.m.

Truth being said, the team we faced put us up to the challenge – one we met with full authority. Balanc-

ing two centre-men (Grégoire Webber and Sandy Khehra) with three lines, Chico managed to squeeze a win out of the remaining minutes of the last period.

The first goal of the game was scored by Chico only to be met by the opposing team in due time. The lead soon after belonged to them for the better part of the game. It was only

after a heroic quasi-breakaway rush by Jason that the game was tied with no more than 5 minutes remaining. With time running down, Dan, former A-team Prosecutor and McGill Alumni, managed to roof a quick wrist shot over the left shoulder of the opposing team's goalie just shy of the crossbar.

It would appear that the fresh

new look at Pino & Matteo has inspired Chico hockey playing. By far one of the better games of the season for this team, the playoffs will be approached with much enthusiasm. Although Chico's record was 3-4 pre-winter break, this 3-2 victory promises to turn the tables.

The stars, selected by yours truly, were difficult to choose. The play was well shared by all players (with a few exceptions not worth mentioning). Indeed, custom and courtesy asks that the selecting player not choose himself among the three stars (although I would ask my respective team members to take note that my Molson Star points are well below what they should be). Nonetheless, the three star selections rank as follows: Jason (for making the game within reach with his tying

goal), Dan (although his game performance was not his best, his goal gave us the win).

After a fairly cheeky remark last article, Steve, our goaltender (although this word gets thrown around all too liberally as it requires that the individual assigned to that position *actually* tend the goal net), a few words are noteworthy. Steve, with a fresh new (although questionable) haircut that night, managed to put a new spin on the common expression "open-door policy". As team representative, I would ask Steve, also (formerly) known as Zeus, to practice more and spend less time talking about Ferraris with Pino.

That being said, Pino's Ferraris are interesting and Steve – it must be said in all honesty – was actually the unsung hero of the game

(although he himself, in a rare moment of modesty, would deny this). Seconds from the buzzer's mark of the end of the game, Steve did a pad-staking save sliding from the left to the right side of the net and denying what the opposing player, I am sure, was convinced was going to be his moment of glory. Instead, the buzzer rang, the game ended, and Steve's save went unnoticed to all but a few.

With playoffs approaching all too quickly and a re-organizing of the lines in the making (corresponding all too strangely with the Liberals' cabinet shuffle), your very own Chico Resch team will guarantee great entertainment for all occasions, including a first date.

Until next time, Go Team Canada!

The Lessor of Two Evils

by Harvey Auerback, Law III

Let me tell you about my most recent exam period. I, too, had a most eventful day on that ominous eleventh of December 2001. I had a 70% paper due at 3 PM that afternoon, and I also had the same afternoon exam as Adam Allouba. In fact, we were writing in the same room.

I finished writing my paper around 9 AM that morning, and managed to get three precious hours of sleep before waking up again to commute to school in my zombie-like state and write that final exam. I knew that I was not at my best, but the exam promised to be my shortest and most straightforward, based on the professor's comments during class. We were given three hours to answer two of three questions.

This was by no means an Employment Law exam, nor even one of Prof. Gendreau's perennially unanswerable IP exams. This exam,

as the pun in the title of this article indicates, evaluated a special contracts course taught by a very outgoing, straightforward lawyer who wanted nothing more than for us to do well, in part so that he wouldn't have to draft a supplemental exam.

Last year, a similar problem arose in the same course. On that exam the professor genuinely did ask a question on the exam that he meant not to ask. He set out a fact pattern that clearly described the lease of a dwelling, when he had intended to only cover commercial leases on the exam. When he was made aware of this oversight during the exam, he immediately announced to the class that they were to treat the fact pattern as applying to a commercial lease. As anyone who has ever volunteered at the McGill Legal Information Clinic knows, this change makes all the difference in the world. Over 100 articles of the Civil Code apply only to residential leases, and you can't

even weasel out of them in your lease contract. A residential lease question is profoundly uninteresting compared to a commercial lease on the exact same facts, and the answer is usually strikingly different.

This year's "incident" pales in comparison. I immediately read all three questions on the exam, in order to determine which two I wanted to answer. Like Adam, I started with the question with the exoneration clause. I outlined my answer, and started to write. My train of thought was soon derailed by the professor's announcement to the class. I impatiently listened to him speak, knowing full well that I would not be able to get back to my writing until he was done, and realizing that he was wasting precious seconds of writing time that would never be recovered.

Professors' announcements during exams always annoy me, for several reasons. First of all, they shatter my concentration. Second,

they take time out of my exams, which often go right down to the wire. Third, they usually tell me stuff I already know. This announcement was no exception, on any of these three counts.

Let me interject at this point that I have great sympathy for anyone who got stuck in one of the few classes that graded around a 2.50 average. If everyone's marks are skewed lower than what they deserve, even a B+ student may have cause to complain, as he may well have earned an A- or an A with another professor. It is possible the exam itself was intrinsically unfair or confusing. While no convenient remedy comes to mind for those afflicted by such phenomena, I sympathize with their plight. It is unfortunate that they have to explain an uncharacteristically low grade on their record, when that grade might have been par for the course in a low-marking class.

The course for which Adam and I wrote that exam on December 11 had a GPA of 2.99, which was only 0.02 lower than the other section of the same course. There is no *prima facie* reason to believe that the course was examined or graded unfairly in any way, in particular if one takes into account the apparent fact that half the class didn't drag the average way down despite not being privy to the announcement in our exam room.

Furthermore, this was a two-part question. Here is that question, with the lengthy fact pattern omitted.

[W]rite to your client to explain:

1. *What her rights and recourses are with respect to the landlord for the disturbances she has suffered; and*
2. *The effect of the non[-]liability clause in the lease.*

I first read this question on three hours' sleep, and with precious little caffeine coursing through my veins. It occurred to me that since part 2 asked about the effect of the non-liability clause, part 1 would best be answered in the absence of that clause. We are taught that every

section of a statute or a contract is interpreted so as to have some meaning, rather than to have none. The common sense notion that every question on an exam is meant to be answered should also suggest that these questions, printed together on a total of three lines, should be read together in a way that makes both nontrivial. Furthermore, anyone who reads part 2, even without the benefit of the fact pattern, would have a strong suspicion that the non-liability clause is of dubious validity. Either way, the rights and recourses of the tenant in the absence of the clause will have to be considered as part of a complete treatment of the question. If you didn't address this aspect, what happened is that you answered **part of** the question the man asked and for that you got a C+.

If anyone faced with the decision of whether to consider the absence of the clause actually considered the two approaches to the question during the exam, there were still better courses of action available than trying to magically divine the intent of the examiner. These methods are somewhat basic, but they form part of a structured, methodical approach to test taking.

* Don't start with an ambiguous question. Start with a different question, and ask the examiner himself when he visits the exam room for that very purpose.

* Don't answer an ambiguous question at all if you don't have to. This exam had three questions, of which only two had to be answered. There's no sense in taking unnecessary risks on a 100% final. Skip the dangerous one.

* Don't panic. Three hours is ample time to answer two questions. Having "lost" 45 minutes, 2 1/4 hours remain for answering two questions that would usually have to be answered in a total of 2 hours on an exam of standard length.

* Salvage what you can. Suppose you misread question 1, sub-question 1, and you find you have actually answered question 1, sub-

question 2. Simply re-number your answer and be on your way. A single well-constructed sentence will give a smooth transition from the case of a valid clause to the case of a void one.

* Do each question individually. Assign yourself a target time for finishing each question, and when that time comes, finish your sentence and move on. Don't look back until you are finished the exam, and don't take emotional baggage from one question with you to the next.

Exams are an imperfect method of evaluation, but when properly drafted they are often a fairly good indication of what a student has retained and how quickly he can summon the information from memory or find it in his exam summary. On several occasions I have left an exam room wondering how the professor had managed to seemingly test every single aspect of a course in a three-hour exam. Granted, there are bad exams and bad examiners, but these problems need to be corrected by instructing professors on appropriate techniques for setting exams and gauging their length and difficulty level.

That being said, we all have aberrant marks on our transcripts. We all blow an exam question every now and again. When we become lawyers, we will all occasionally lose a big case, and have to get right back to work on the next one. Perhaps one of the most valuable skills we can master is the ability to rebound from a sub-par performance and put in a stronger showing next time. This means approaching the next question, the next exam, the next term with a fresh outlook, and knowing that we are better than our lowest mark.

Many of us are even better than our GPA, and some of us are better than our highest mark. Montreal law firms know this well, and they typically have no official GPA cutoff for granting first interviews. Also, if this C+ is truly unusual for you, a cursory glance at your transcript will reveal that you are typically a B or a B+ student or whatever, and that the C+ is uncharacteristic of

your academic abilities. As was calculated in a previous Quid, a C+ will lower a B average by only 0.02 over the course of a 105-credit trannie degree program. A little extra effort and an A- on an exam or a paper next term will completely cancel out its effect.

No, life is certainly not fair. We all get marks we feel we don't deserve. I have a few marks lower than I felt I deserved, and a couple higher. Some students have the misfortune of stumbling upon a course that grades at a 2.51 average, and they may have been truly cheated out of a higher grade they deserved. They have good reason to complain. Others among us have the misfortune of missing part of an exam question. Sometimes it costs us a letter grade, sometimes two. This is part of life. It is unfair, as you say, but it is equitably unfair. A student whose intellect and study skills are worth a solid B will naturally fluctuate between B+ and B-, with perhaps the odd A- or C+. Your C+ is one of common parentage, part and parcel of the ordinary stresses of everyday life, and we all like to live with the delusion that we would not be subject to s.16 of the Criminal Code¹ in the aftermath of a final exam.

I appreciate that you are upset that you are now a member of the C+ Club, and we are all frustrated by the recent news of two possibly unjustly graded courses and the thought that any one of us could be next. There are people in other courses who might have been genuinely cheated and who, in my humble opinion, have far better reason to complain than you do. I am sure that a majority of McGill law students get a C+ fair and square at some point in their academic careers. After all the articles about the Barreau in the Quid and the Gazette, and several Quid articles on courses that grade well below the faculty average GPA, a two-page tirade reminding us that low grades exist in regular courses is hardly a boon to faculty morale. I would consider it much more appropriate and entertaining to hear the tale of when you had to cab home in the middle of an exam to get your forgotten summary. An amusing exam-related anecdote might serve to boost the spirits of many students, at a time when they appear to need it most.

¹ See *R. v. Rabey*, 79 D.L.R. (3d) 414 at 416 (Ont. C.A.), aff'd [1980] 2 S.C.R. 513.

Eighteen months hence

by Harvey Auerback, Law III

It shall come to pass.
 Eighteen months hence.
 Circle the day.
 The circles are the day.
 The day exists for the circles.
 One circle, two half-circles.
 One circle, two circles.
 One circle, two half-circles.
 Two golden circles.
 Black and white united.
 Bat.
 Dolphin.
 Rabbit.
 Four hundred eyes focused on the moment.
 In a regal twin chamber.
 The elders have convened.
 It shall come to pass as foretold.
 Eight years ago.
 Subterranean healing chamber.
 Two years ago.
 Duane conspicuously absent.
 Two weeks ago.
 Edible flowers.
 The masses shall convene.
 Amid the flowers.
 A reverent silence.
 The minstrel Zeb playing.
 The sound of glass breaking.
 The masses shall rejoice.
 And they shall partake of food and drink.
 The image of merriment immortalized.
 T is driving.
 Beautiful.
 The saga shall conclude on the isle of wood.
 And there shall it begin anew.
 A return with glee.
 To the regal hill.
 Forever bound.
 Forever freed.
 Forever.
 As you wish.



A Lesson in Humility

by Neil Hazan, Law III

After reading the comprehensive President's report, I am compelled to write to the *Quid* for two reasons. First, Gilman addressed me as his 'esteemed colleague' and encouraged me to contribute more often. While I would prefer something like 'My learned brother Hazan' or 'Sir Ezra of Crossharbour', I am quite flattered. Second, since the *Quid* had been recently revealed to be a money pit, I feel that I might as well take full advantage of it, lest it disappear faster than McGill Law Bookstore revenues before Kevin McLeod stepped in and saved the day.

Needless to say, lately our beloved weekly newsletter has been filled with articles debating the Faculty's grading system. McGill's conservative ways are nothing new and I applaud innovative and constructive suggestions that may help promote fairness, increase

collegiality at the Faculty and ensure that McGill grads are not at any artificial disadvantage vis-a-vis students at other law schools. Rather than harnessing the power of MS Excel to perform a detailed statistical analysis of fall results or discussing the merits and flaws of the current system, it is my intention to shift the focus of the current controversy.

Taking a fresh look at the issue, it seems to me there could be a number of factors that could contribute to a poor performance in a particular course. One of those factors can be demonstrated by a lesson I learned at the tender age of sixteen. I share it with you now, my friends and peers, to provide a measure of perspective.

When I was in my last year of high school, I pursued a course in economics, like most Quebec students. Throughout the year, I performed very well on my exams, however one time I attained what I viewed as a relatively wimpy 73%.

Surprised and disappointed, I figured I should have a word with my teacher: obviously the exam was marked too harshly! How else could I have not met my expectations? I approached my teacher, a mountain of a man, (who, incidentally, was my hockey coach as well) in the arena corridor prior to a practice and explained my side of the story. Upon hearing my complaint, he turned toward me with an incredulous look on his face. Curling up his eyebrows, he blurted out a rhetorical question I shall never forget: "Who the f**k do you think you are? You don't think Neil Hazan can have a f****n' bad day?"

I know it's not interview fodder, but it's certainly worth keeping in mind.

New Legal Writing Course?

Do you feel like legal methodology didn't teach you enough about legal writing? If so, how would you feel about a legal writing course offered out of the faculty of Education (in cooperation with the faculty of Law)?

The faculty of Education has asked professor Gaudreault-DesBiens whether or not the faculty of Law is interested in this joint venture. Before doing anything on this front, professor Gaudreault-DesBiens would like to ascertain whether or not there would be a demand for that kind of course among students.

Je vous invite donc à écrire au professeur Gaudreault-DesBiens (jf.gaudreaultdesbiens@mcgill.ca) un court message indiquant:

- si vous êtes favorable à une telle initiative,
- si vous seriez intéressés à suivre un tel cours, ou
- si vous auriez été intéressés si un tel cours avait été offert plus tôt.

Merci beaucoup de votre temps,

Marta Juzwiak, VP Academic, LSA marta.juzwiak@mail.mcgill.ca

Human Rights Career Day

Wednesday, Feb 13

9:30 – 13:30 NGOs/ Social Justice Groups Information Tables

Amnesty International

The Project

Canadian Lawyers' Association for International Human Rights (CLAIHR)

Action Réfugié Montréal

And many more...

12:30 – 14:30 Panel Discussion

Pearl Eliadis – *Ontario Human Rights Commission*

Bruce Broomhall – *Lawyers Committee for Human Rights*

Anne-Renée Touchette – *Centre Québécois de Droit Environnemental*

Line Poline - *Canadian Lawyers' Association for International Human Rights*

Anjali Choksi - *Hutchins, Soroka & Dionne (Firm that specializes in Aboriginal Law)*

Catherine Duhamel – *International Legal Resource Centre*

14:30 – 17:00 – Networking event (one on one interviews)

REGISTRATION MANDATORY – e-mail Aida_Abraha@hotmail.com

Pearl Eliadis – *Ontario Human Rights Commission*

Bruce Broomhall – *Lawyers Committee for Human Rights*

Anne-Renée Touchette – *Centre Québécois de Droit Environnemental*

Anjali Choksi - *Hutchins, Soroka & Dionne (Firm that specializes in Aboriginal Law)*

Catherine Duhamel – *International Legal Resource Centre*

Professor François Crépeau – *University of Montreal*

Professor Adelle Blackett – *McGill University*

Pierre Bosset - *Commission des droits de la personne et des droits de la jeunesse du Québec.*

Alana Klein - *Canadian HIV/AIDS Legal Network*

And more...

Several species are now at war. Bob, a Martian resident who leads the homo dominus, the species prevailing in the war, has now decided to destroy all life forms in the solar system, save herself. The two main adversaries of Bob are the Tobors, an artificial life form, and the homo sapiens, both of whom are trying to fight off Bob's tyranny.

The Interspecies War : Part III and Last: Bob Kills All, Save Herself

by Pablo E. Bustos, Law III

Bob the Blob never moved. She just sat, and even sitting down she was 1,000 metres tall. No one, except Bob, knew exactly why her brain was the smartest and fastest form of intelligence in the solar system.

The Tobors created huge computers that tried to mimic Bob's uncanny intelligence, but to no avail. No matter how big, or how supposedly advanced, the computers the Tobors created were, Bob's brain could always outsmart these unnatural forms of intelligence.

Bob was created by genetically manipulating homo sapien DNA. Bob and her brain could hardly be considered more natural than the machines that comprised the Tobor Nation. However, the Tobors were robots, and in the mind of Bob only non-artificial, that is to say organic, intelligence should exist.

For many, the line between artificial and natural life was becoming less and less clear. Organic computers comprised much of the computerized brains of the Tobors. Like humans, Bob herself, and the homo dominus, the Tobors were primarily comprised of carbon, but were also made of several other elements.

Some theorists even suggested that there was no distinction between artificial and natural life, and that at the end of the day homo sapien itself was nothing more than a complicated carbon-based robot. Bob disagreed.

Bob had absolute control over Mars. She was the homo rex, a special form of homo dominus. While humans had once lived on Mars as

well, they were now all on the Martian moon Phobos, with the exception of 35 humans who still lived on earth.

Notwithstanding Bob, the homo dominus were the only species inhabiting Mars. They farmed for Bob, fought for Bob, worked for Bob, and obeyed her every command, no matter how absurd.

Despite Bob's objection to the existence of artificial intelligence, Bob had no problem using non-intelligent machines. Bob developed a highly technologically advanced society, with a truly awesome infrastructure that allowed her species to sustain the most productive and efficient society in the history of the solar system. However, this world would soon come to a close. Bob was obsessed with trying to advance her own species, who she saw as being the homo rex, and not the homo dominus.

Bob's personal motto was ôç?æ?????, a

saying in the Dominusian language which roughly translated into,

"To survive, one must not only kill one's adversary, but one must do so in a mean manner and enjoy it. All species other than one's own are one's adversary."

Why Bob took such a negative view was unknown to all, save Bob. However, this view seemed to be connected to her unusual obsession of advancing her race, which she felt could only be done by putting other species down.

Next to Bob sat four large boxes. Bob kept the purpose of these boxes secret. One box was placed to the right of Bob, the other to the left, the third behind Bob, and the fourth in front of Bob. The box to Bob's right was made to destroy the same creatures who helped Bob create the boxes, and who Bob was now leading in the Interspecies War, the homo dominus.

The box was to unleash several missile projected probes that would go deep into the surface of Mars, and then unleash a chemical that would kill all life, both artificial and natural, underneath and above the Martian surface, save Bob.

As for earth, Bob was to destroy it by the whopper of all nuclear bombs, which was to come from the box on Bob's left. This missile projected nuke was to enter the inner core of the planet, and then, amidst the heat of earth's internal inferno, it was to explode, destroying the earth and all

The day of destruction finally arrived.

life on it.

As for Phobos, it too was to be destroyed, by a nuclear bomb similar to the one that was to destroy the earth, only smaller. This smaller bomb also came from the box on Bob's left.

The day of destruction finally arrived. Bob ensured Phobos was not facing her before she nuked it. Bob had previously sent the nuclear bomb that was to hit earth, and it destroyed

the planet at precisely the same time Phobos blew up. The inhabitants of Mars, save Bob, died from the chemical poison Bob disseminated throughout that planet.

Now all life in the solar system, save Bob, had ended, and Bob began to execute her new plan. It was time for her to create more species like herself, more homo rexuses.

They came from the box behind Bob. Bob had been fertilizing several test tube homo rexuses for this exact purpose. Now, she felt, they were ready to be conceived.

There were to be three new homo rexuses, two females and one male stud who was to serve to fertilize the other two females, Bob, and a myriad of other new female homo rexuses that were to eventually emerge.

The box in front of Bob had two

things: 1) a replenishing supply of food; 2) non-intelligent robots / machines that would produce the tools necessary for the next phase in Bob's plan. These machines were to build a society Bob and other homo rexuses would live in, as well as spaceships to transport further homo rexuses to other parts of the solar system, and eventually to other parts of the galaxy. In this way Bob felt she and her species could eventually colonize the galaxy, and by doing so augment the hegemony of her race.

The End

The moral of the story is clear, first humans will clone themselves, then they will genetically enhance themselves, and eventually they will destroy themselves. Greek mythology

tells of how evil emerged after Pandora opened her box. The Abrahamic tradition states how man received the mortal sin after it ate the forbidden fruit from the tree of knowledge. Pablo now warns all readers that if they want to clone themselves, there is nothing anyone can do to stop them. However, remember, first one clones and then one creates Bob. It is a slippery slope.

oNly foUr days lEft to....

Submit your skits

anD be A parT of the
grEateSt sHow on eArth,

SKIT NITE 2002

suBmisSion foRms avaiLable at LSA.
daTe liMite: le 15 féVriEr.

Mind TriP.

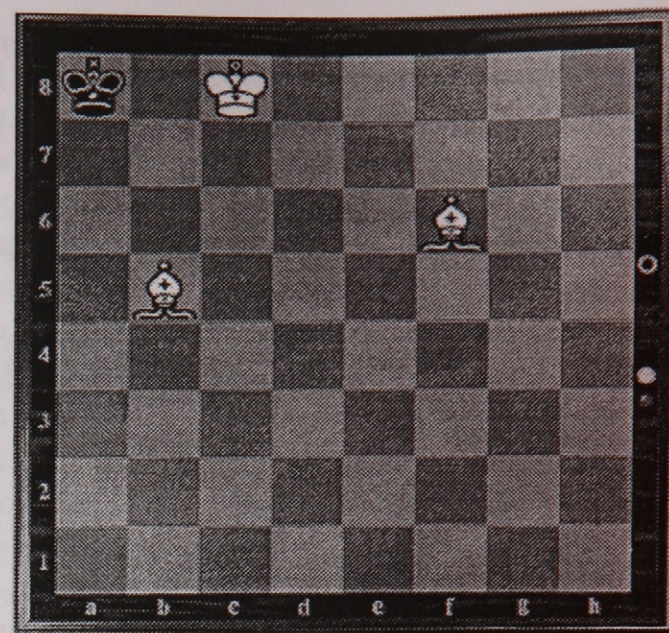
Chess Corner

The end game is often won on a fairly blank board. Sometimes one side may have only a king and one or two other pieces, and the other side just a king. Often games are won with just a king and a pawn.

If one side, let's say black, has nothing but a king, and the other side, white, has a king and one or two other pieces, white can force a checkmate when white has just a queen, or just a rook, or just two bishops, or just a bishop and a knight, but not necessarily with just two knights.

This week an example of how to checkmate with just a king and two bishops is given. Next week an example of how to checkmate with just a knight and a bishop will be given.

White to Play and Mate In Three Moves.



Solution on inside back cover.

Por la Razon o la Fuerza

by Pablo E. Bustos Law III

Por la razon o la fuerza, "by reason or by force," is the motto of the Chilean Republic. Being ethnically Chilean, I pondered long and hard over the meaning of this saying. Although I am not an expert in the history of this motto, I know that the saying is meant to convey a belligerent attitude, and is often translated as, "might makes right," or, "by right or by might."

Some Chileans, including my father, don't like the saying and see it as an anachronistic embarrassment. Others, like myself, embrace it fully. I liked it when I first heard it, and I still like it. I have adopted it as my personal motto and try to add it to all my e-mails.

The bottom line is that sometimes violence is necessary, and it's better to admit it in the open than to try to ignore the fact, pretend it's not true, or otherwise try to avoid thinking about it.

If force were not sometimes necessary, then there would be no need for policemen or prisons. Before coming to law, I completed a bachelors degree in Criminology. If that experience taught me one thing it is this – some people are just bad. No matter how many preventative measures a society takes, or attempts

to reform people are made, some people are just bad, and some of those bad people will simply not change. Hitler had to be brought down by violence; there is no escaping that fact. Similarly, certain criminals have to be brought down by force. "Might makes right," is a rule of human nature. It is for that reason that a person should always hope that the strongest really is right, because if the strongest is wrong, no one can stop the strongest.

Usually, men are the strongest. Also, the most violent are usually men. A seminal point in my life was a day I looked upon some criminological statistics that showed that men comprised virtually the entire population in Canadian penitentiaries, and then realized that this demographic composition is, of course, consistent throughout the prisons of the world, and throughout the prisons of history. I knew this before I saw these statistics, but going through the process of actually analyzing the statistics made me think about that one concept for a longer time than I ever did before.

The more stringent the prison, the more disproportional this sex ratio will be. Thus, only about 2-3% of Canada's penitentiary population in any given year is female, while the female population will be greater in

medium or minimum security prisons. Of those few women in penitentiaries for murder, the person they would most likely have murdered would have been their husband, or ex-husband, and usually this husband would have been an abusive spouse.

Unless the entire human population was genetically engineered, especially the male population, I think it would be impossible to eliminate violence in the world. It is for that reason that the motto of Chile will speak of a truism in human nature for the indefinite future. It is not because the people of Chile enjoy violence that they have adopted this motto, but because they recognize that violence is, unfortunately, a natural part of human life.

Since sometimes violence can only be stopped by violence of a stronger nature, the motto *por la razon o la fuerza* is a message for all, Chilean or non-Chilean. However, if some people don't want to think about such thoughts because doing so is too negative or politically incorrect, that's fine too. It's all the more reason for me to remember it.

The Chinese general Sun Tzu wrote, "The object of all war is peace." Similarly, the purpose of all violence should be to achieve a state of non-violence.

Solution to the Chess Problem

The white king on C8 moves to C7.
Black can only move his king to A7.
White moves his bishop on F6 to D4.
Black can only move back to A8. The
white bishop on B5 checkmates by
moving to C6.



Submit to the Quid

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Deadline Fri @ 5

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Tell Becky You Love Her

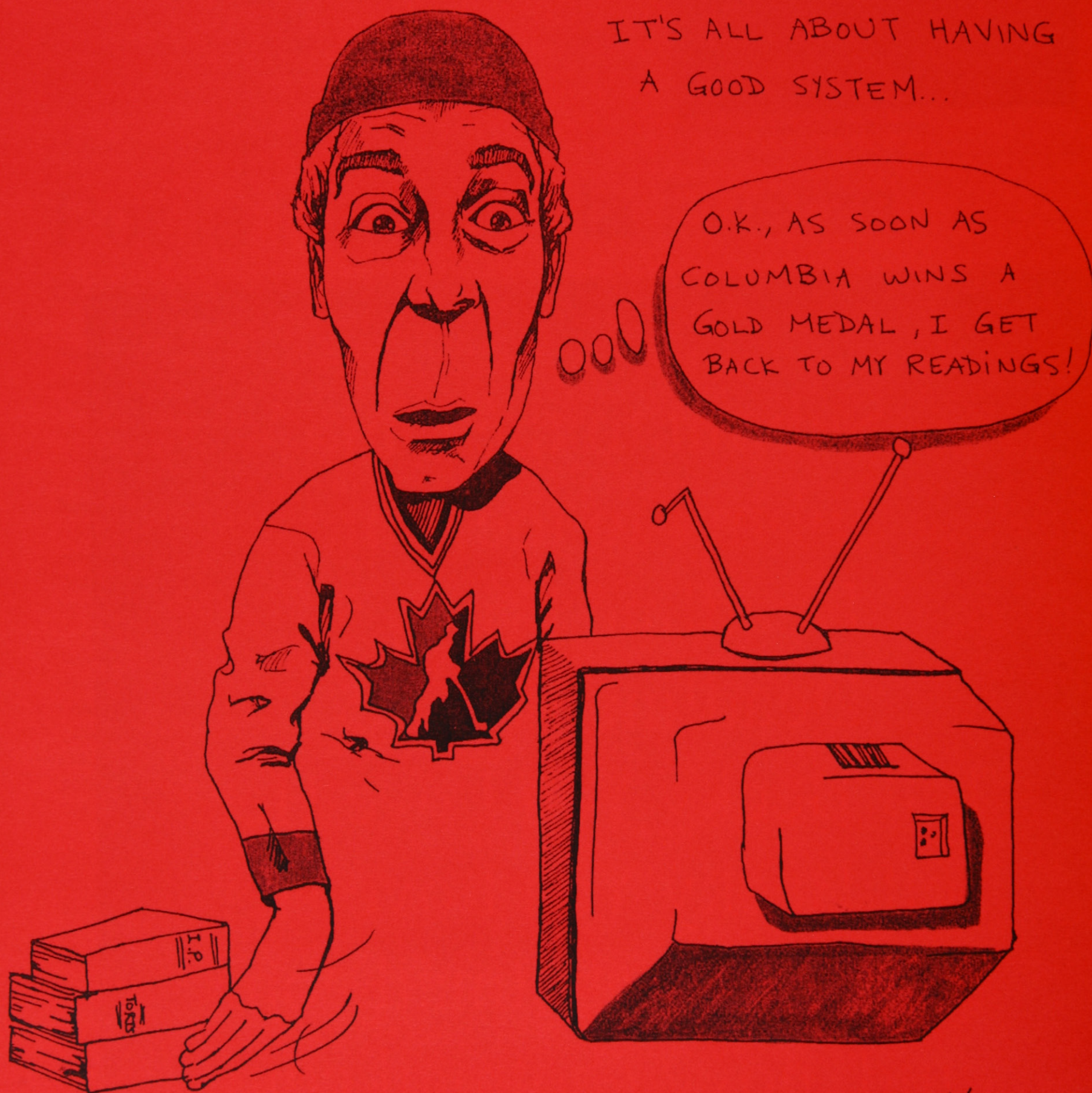
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STUDYING DURING THE OLYMPICS

IT'S ALL ABOUT HAVING
A GOOD SYSTEM...



Steve P.
2002
(STEVE P.'S IDEA-
CONTRIBUTION)